

### STAND UP FOR THE SOLDIER.

Stand up for the man who does and dares  
For the best White and Blue  
Send a ball to the soldier man,  
Sturdy and staunch and brave,  
For the good God knows when the bugle  
Blows  
Its last song o'er his grave.

Stand up, stand up for the soldier man!  
Nor quibble and criticize;  
God knows you are glad when we need  
His help.

That he marches and fights and dies,  
Send a cheer to the soldier man,  
Ready and true and grim;  
Tell him fair for his good deeds there,  
His country's proud of him.

Stand up, stand up for the soldier man,  
Fighting my few and yours;  
A hundred years has his blood run red  
And constant the strain endures.  
Send a ball to the fighting man,  
Honest of heart and soul;  
With his country love and the flag above,  
And the Great Peace for his goal.  
—Baltimore American.

### A Father's Blessing.

BY W. H. ("BUCK") HINRICHSSEN.  
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JUDGE THOMPSON sat in his easy chair in his comfortable library smoking his after dinner cigar. The judge was happy, as happy, at least, as his judicial dignity would permit. His court had adjourned for the term and a two months' vacation was before him. He was planning how to spend it.

A light tap, the door opened, and Mrs. Thompson entered. She was a tall, dignified lady, a fitting mate for the judge.

"Come in, mother, and sit down I was just trying to decide where we would spend our vacation."

The lady sank into an easy chair and remarked:

"I think we had better remain at home, my dear."

"Remain at home. Why should we? You know James, that Harold Hamilton has been paying our daughter very marked attention for several months and yesterday he proposed and Maria accepted him. We have been discussing the matter today and have decided that the marriage shall take place in about two months. The preparations for the wedding will, of course, occupy the intervening period and we shall have to forego our vacation this year."

The judge frowned.

"So you have it all arranged without even consulting me, have you?"

"Mr. Hamilton will call upon you this evening to obtain your consent. It is simply a matter of form, of course, but it is the proper thing to do."

"A matter of form?"

"Certainly. You can have no objection to him. He is talented, rich and of good family. His habits are good and his future brilliant. Besides he and Maria are sincerely attached to each other. I am very much pleased that Maria has chosen so wisely."

"Humph," said the judge.

There was another tap at the door.

"Come in," said the judge, and Mrs. Thompson greeted him cordially, while the judge nodded.

"Sit down, Harold," said the lady. "I will leave you and the judge to your cigars."

Mr. Hamilton sat down and after a few commonplace broached the object of his visit.

The judge listened to him patiently until he had finished. Then his answer was brief and sharp.

"I refuse my consent."

"Sir?"

"Yes," said the judge, looking at him full in the face. "I mean it. Maria cannot marry you with my consent."

"May I ask what objection you have to me?"

"No, I do not give my reasons. That is all, sir. You can tell Maria if you like, but I forbid you my house hereafter."

Harold was a proud man. He rose instantly.

"After such language, I cannot remain longer in your presence. Good evening, sir."

"Good evening," said the judge, lighting a fresh cigar.

In the parlor there was a scene. Maria was heartbroken. Mrs. Thompson was surprised.

"Wait a minute, children. I will speak to father. There is some mistake."

She found there was no mistake. The judge was emphatic.

"I will never consent to this marriage, and I don't want to hear any more about it. Please drop the subject."

The judge's manner and tone admitted of no discussion, and the lady brought no comfort to the disconsolate couple in the parlor.

"I will go and see papa, myself," sobbed Maria. "I know he will not break my heart."

She found the judge braced for the shock, for who she threw herself in his arms and sobbingly asked his consent to her marriage he answered her firmly that it was impossible. She should not marry Harold Hamilton.

"Furthermore," said he, "I want you to be ready to start for Colorado by next Wednesday. I shall take you with us on our vacation, and you will forget this fellow before we return."

"Never!" declared Maria.

"Oh, yes, you will."

"Papa, won't you—"

"No," said the judge. "I don't want to hear any more about this silly affair. You be ready Wednesday, mind. Now go to bed."

The judge smoked his cigar out, then smoked another. He was probably making vacation plans.

Mrs. Thompson carried her dignity to bed early, leaving Harold and Maria alone.

"Your father has no right to ruin our lives, papa," said Harold.

"Dear Maria, this is the first time he has refused a request from me. He has never even shot with me before. What can he have come over him?"

"What shall we do, dearest?" asked Harold.

"He may relent."

Harold shook his head.

"The judge never changes his mind. He will never give his consent to our marriage. He will take you West with him and we shall be separated. In the meantime he has forbidden me the house. I cannot come to see you even."

Maria cried on his shoulder.

"Oh, Harold, my heart is broken! What shall we do?"

"Get married."

"But papa will not consent."

"Why not, dearest, with that splendid fortune?"

"Oh, Harold, how horrible!"

"No, just a little unusual. An elopement is not what it used to be. We are both of age. I will procure a license and engage the services of a minister. We can get a couple of friends to accompany us to the parsonage, be quietly married and take a trip somewhere."

"But what will papa say and do?"

"I am sure I don't know. He cannot hold out long. You are his only child, and when we are married he will make the best of it."

"Shall we consult mamma?"

"No indeed. This is our secret."

"Oh, Harold, I am afraid."

"Afraid of what, darling? You have known me for years, and we love each other. My means are ample for our support, and nothing is wanting to our happiness but marriage."

She laid her head on his shoulder.

"Won't you think less of me?" she whispered.

"Never."

"And you will love me the same, always?"

"Yes."

"And—and—"

"Yes."

Nestling closer to him, she murmured:

"It shall be as you wish."

"My brave, loving girl."

Their simple plans were soon laid. She was to pack a small trunk, to be sent for after the ceremony, and with a girl friend promised to meet him at a certain drug store at 2 o'clock the next day. He was to procure a license, engage a minister and secure the company of a male friend.

From the drug store they were to walk two blocks to the parsonage, where the ceremony would be performed. They would then write to her mother, send for the bride's trunk and start the same evening for Boston.

These plans were carried out to the letter, except that the trip to Boston was indefinitely postponed.

The wedding ceremony was over and the tedious legal formalities were completed with, when the doorbell of the parsonage rang and a messenger brought a letter addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hamilton.

"Papa's handwriting," said the bride, trembling and turning pale. "Open it, Harold, dear."

The young husband tore open the letter. It read:

"My Dear Children: All is forgiven. Come home and receive a parent's blessing. Your happy father."

"James P. Thompson."

Maria nearly fainted.

"What does this mean?"

A half hour later they were in the judge's library. The judge looked comfortable, the newly-married pair looked happy, while Mrs. Thompson frowned.

"It is all right, children, but I did not want my vacation spoiled by preparations for a wedding," said the judge. "I thought you would have spirit enough to disregard my apparent wishes, and I fully expected the elopement. I kept track of your movements, and Maria was never out of the house a minute without my being informed of her whereabouts. In this way I was able to get my letter to you after you were married before you had time to get out of the city."

"My dear old papa," said Maria, hugging him.

"Thank you, father," said Harold, shaking his hand heartily, and they winked at each other.

Mrs. Thompson remarked:

"I certainly regard the judge's conduct as very unusual and undignified."

The others laughed.

The judge enjoyed his vacation.

### A BAD HALF-HOUR.

Meeting of Former Lovers on Their Wedding Tours.

Baltimore Sun: She is very pretty, and no one wonders that her husband is much in love with her into this day, but she tells this story of a bad half hour on her wedding journey.

"I was 18," she said, "when I was married, and had been engaged to my husband a year, but preceding both our engagement and marriage I was sort of engaged, school-girl fashion, to another young fellow. It was one of those intangible engagements that melt into thin air when the real prince comes, but fervid enough while they last. In this case my interest in the affair cooled with the rapidity of a collapsing balloon, and, as the youth lived in a distant city, no embarrassing explanations were necessary."

"So I married, and the wedding journey included a stop of several days in a town on the Ohio river, where we had a cosy table all to ourselves at the hotel. It was at dinner one day that the patriarchal waiter approached and asked if we would object to another gentleman and lady being placed at our table."

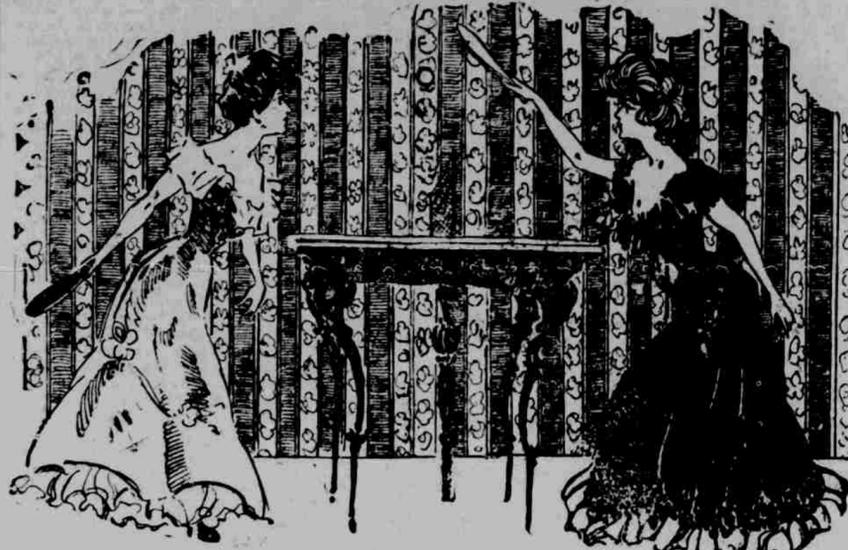
"Bride like yourself, missy," he added confidentially as he passed my chair. In a moment he ushered to their places the other couple, and I looked up to encounter my former fiance, consternation and amazement written on every line of his face. Lacking the wit or wisdom of experienced years, I dropped my eyes without further recognition than rapid paling and flushing of countenance, and he following my lead, began discussing the menu with his wife.

"The dinner proceeded in such appalling silence, so far as I was concerned, as to fairly paralyze my husband, and explanations were in order as soon as we returned to our apartments. Then how he laughed and went in search of the rival couple, only to find they had left the hotel immediately after the meal, and we have never heard of either of them since."

Lady Farrer, of London, the treasurer of the South African women and children's distress fund, has received a letter from Mrs. Steyn, the wife of a President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, in which the writer expresses her great pleasure at the improvement made in the camps, especially in that of Bloemfontein, with which she is personally acquainted. Last January there was a marked improvement in the quantity of meat, in the quantity of rations and in the supply of vegetables, and these changes being accompanied by rains and cooler weather, a rapid decline in the death rate followed. Mrs. Steyn mentions that just before the time she was writing the mortality was for four days empty. She concludes with warm expressions of gratitude to all friends in England who have helped the camp inmates in their distress.

Keokuk Gate City: A Wisconsin girl won the state oratorical contest. Whether or not this will militate against her if she ever has matrimonial aspirations remains to be seen.

### LADIES PLAY PING-PONG.



### PARIS FASHION FANCIES.

Paris letter: The exaltation of the Parisian couturier has been reached. To his ears has come the news that American firms are henceforth to originate styles of their own.

One of these august individuals who I have the pleasure of knowing shrugged his shoulders the other day while he designed to give me a few moments in his atelier and said, with a smile of condescension worthy of Paderewski, "Originate! the American! as well go to China—or to England. The inherited fashion genius of the Parisian designer will never be duplicated—in our generation at least. Who, may I ask you, could originate or who could indorse a new idea in America?"

With this he swept himself grandly away leaving me to the tender mercies of his leading saleswoman.

One could easily conceive the reason for the great artist's scorn when some of his latest creations were revealed.

One exquisite evening gown of which I took particular note was of white satin, covered with a shower of tiny flower-like sprays, formed of white cloth pastilles, attached by silver and crystal palletoles, with stalks of gold thread. The curves of the long skirt were outlined by Venetian lace through which glistened a founce of gold tissue, a large green velvet rose being tucked into the golden bertha of the pouched and embroidered bodice.

This unique model was admirably supplemented by another—a chic gown of white moire, trimmed at the lower part of the skirt with graduated panels of a beautiful Beauvais embroidery in the most delicate tints, swagged lightly with gold, the low, tight-fitting bodice opening over a vest of Brussels lace, the waist at the back terminating in a little coat tail.

The next novelty shown me, which seemed to be a part of a preconcerted plan to drive American originators to despair, was a tea-gown of white net, embroidered with threads of gold and apollone, with tinted Brussels and fine Cluny lace. The gown was made on a roll collar, but semi-fitting, falling over a founce of rose-pink chiffon, attached by a garland of chiffon roses, the transparent yoke of lace being embroidered with gold, long open sleeves completing the dainty picture.

So much for the extreme novelties.

A very pretty evening dress of white tulle evolved by this same dressmaker was made with insertion of null

embroidery, having a full tucked ruffle on the skirt with a deep embroidery at the bottom. Another is a handsome evening gown of white dotted batiste, trimmed with black lace insertion, having a black lace collar with lower sleeves of lace covering the batiste.

In day gowns there was the same plethora of original effects, which scarcely can yet have been either original or copied in America, I should imagine.

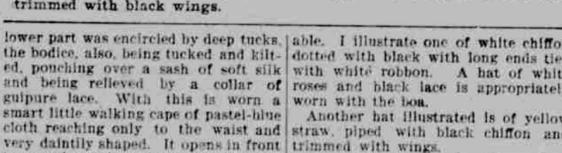
A very attractive model was in pastel-blue crepe voile. The general effect of the costume was extremely dainty. The front of the skirt was arranged in long narrow pleats, strapped at intervals with silk of the same shade, attached with tiny gold buttons. The

with upright strappings of stitched cloth and silk, the simple bodice strapped to match; when open the fronts form revers faced with guipure, the same tint. It is completed by a chic little overcoat which fits neatly to shoulders; and from there hangs loosely at the back, it is strapped with cords of silk to match.

A very novel costume (illustrated) in pin check silk is trimmed with bias bands of solid blue. The circular ruffle on the skirt is made of bias widths corded with black. The lower sleeves is made of a bias piece and the waist is in blouse effect over a corsage of white lace.

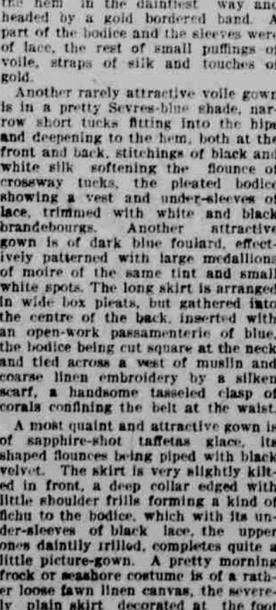
The boa still remains very fashion-

### BLACK AS A TRIMMING FOR YELLOW.



The yellow straw colored and burnt straw hats of the season are almost invariably trimmed with black. This simple and stylish model is an excellent example. It is yellow straw piped with black chiffon and trimmed with black wings.

### BLACK AND WHITE EFFECT.



Boa of white chiffon dotted with black, with long ends tied with white ribbon. Hat of white roses and black lace.

### ANIMALS AND DRUNKARDS.

How Horses and Dogs Regard Men Who Are Intoxicated.

Philadelphia Record: "I've worked around animals more or less all my life until the trolleys did away with horses," said the motorman, "and I have noticed particularly the effect that a drunken man has on them. A horse hates a man with a jag worse than the devil hates holy water, but a dog seems to feel that a drunk isn't responsible for himself, and acts accordingly. A dog, no matter how fierce he is, will never bite a drunken man. He seems to know by instinct when a man is under the weather, and treats him much as he would treat a child. But with a horse it's different. A horse treats a drunken man with contempt—doesn't want to have anything to do with him. There used to be an old bum who loafed around the car stables, and who somehow or other always managed to keep loaded up to the nozzle. Some nights he would creep into a stall and go to sleep in the straw. The horses, when they finished the last run at night, would always be ready to drop in their stalls, but I never knew a horse that would sleep with a bum. Rather than lie down alongside him the horse would stand up all night."

Lord Kelvin favors the general adoption of the metric system. He said before the house committee on coinage, weights and measures that 99 per cent of the people who had ever given the matter any thought were in favor of the change and the other 10 per cent he characterized as "stupidly ignorant."

Mr. James Glaisher, the meteorologist, is 93 years of age. Forty years ago, says the New York Sun, he made one of the most remarkable balloon ascensions on record. He was able to reach a height of 28,000 feet before he became unconscious, and the balloon probably reached 35,000 feet before his companion, Mr. Coxwell, managed to pull open the valve.

Andrew Carnegie has given away within the last few years the sum of \$47,000,000. Of this amount the United States has received \$45,261,763, Canada \$376,500, Cuba \$252,000, Ireland \$65,500, England \$430,000, Scotland \$12,978,766.

### CANADA WANTS SETTLERS.

And She Working Hard to Secure Them.

(Ottawa, Can., dispatch.) The Canadian house of commons has voted \$442,000 for immigration purposes. This sum is to be spent in efforts all over the world to induce more people to come to Canada and make the dominion their home.

Principally it is desired to encourage farmers or persons willing to become farmers. The minister of the interior told the house of commons that his department considered that there was a sufficient number of mechanics and artisans. It was agriculturists that were needed.

Some of the uses to which this immigration fund is put are interesting. For instance, \$4,000 was spent last year in making a copybook for British children which set forth such facts as these: "Canada has rich farm lands;" "Canada is rich in minerals;" "Canada's fisheries are among the largest in the world." The idea, of course, is to associate in the minds of the youthful Britons with the idea of a land to which it would be desirable for them to go if ever they desired to emigrate.

The sum of \$60,000 more was spent in salaries to immigration agents in Canada, who take care of the incoming colonists and see them settled; \$27,000 more is spent in a similar way in the United States, and \$20,000 in Great Britain and Ireland. The rest goes in pamphlets and literature.

The great idea throughout Canada is to attract British emigrants. In the nine years preceding 1890, more than a million and a half of emigrants left the United Kingdom, of whom only 13 per cent came to Canada, while no less than 68 per cent of British emigrants went to the United States. Between 1891 and 1900 at least 72 per cent of British emigrants went to the United States and still only 13 per cent came to Canada. These facts rankle in Canadian bosoms and the immigration literary fund is readily voted each year.

"There are three well marked lines in regard to the questions," one of the Ottawa papers says this week. "First, that every Canadian who is kept at home and prevented from going to the United States is worth two emigrants; second, that the most desirable immigrants we bring to our shores and the most welcome is the man of English, Irish or Scotch birth; third, that next to these, highly desirable settlers are drawn from the United States, Germany and the Scandinavian countries. Every government in Canada may be relied on to do every thing that patriotism can suggest to keep our own people from going to the United States."

The paper takes comfort from reports that some people are immigrating from the United States to Canada. It puts the number at 10,000 a year and tells of the arrival of a coach containing 70 settlers with 17 carloads of effects and stock at Alberta, coming from the United States side of the border. It quotes this editorial welcome extended to them by the local paper, the Inisfail Free Lance, under the heading of "A Welcome Invasion:"

The newcomers are of that hardy, energetic class of agriculturists who have done so much toward making the country west of the Mississippi the garden of the United States. We welcome them to the broad acres and sunny scenes of Alberta, and expect ere long to see the virgin prairies around their settlement transformed into cultivated fields.

Whether from England, Germany or the United States, Canada wants new settlers, she is not getting them at the rate she desires and is willing to go a long way to encourage them to people her vacant stretches of territory.

Left Without an Issue.

The prohibitionists are absolutely without an issue this year. Not a single measure passed the last legislature on the liquor question which can fall to meet with their approval. Every move to change the malt law in any material degree was voted down by an overwhelming majority. It was the general sentiment of the legislature was against any change that would be likely to open up the question again. From the present outlook the prohibition vote is likely to fall to a very low point this year. The party will get its ticket on the ballot without petition this year, but this is not likely to happen again for several years. Any work along temperance lines will have to be done from this time on by the Anti-Saloon league. It will continue its work in the various counties where the malt law is in operation and will seek to close up the saloons and prevent the illegal handling of liquor. The attempt to merge it with the prohibition party is not likely to meet with much encouragement from this time on.—Des Moines Register.

### Penalty of Aloofness.

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "gets de reputation of bein' stuck up, when de troof is dey is too bashful to try to run anythin's business 'cep'n deir own."—Washington Star.

### Or the Lawnmower Wrist.

The medical journals have discovered a case of "ping-pong ankle." Strange that nothing like "garden-spade knee-joint has ever appeared."—Des Moines Capital.

### The government of the Malay peninsula is planting gutta-percha trees on a large scale, and it will not be necessary to cut them down, as gutta-percha can now be extracted from the leaves and twigs without injury to the trees.

### The quantity of coffee consumed in the United States is so large in comparison with other beverages that it easily holds first place. The visible supply of coffee in the markets is now unusually large and there is assurance for a year to come of low prices. Cheap coffee will go a little way toward easing the drain upon the householder's purse consequent upon the high prices of other foodstuffs.

### Had General Jacob Smith been in the vicinity of Martinique when Pelee exploded he would be charged with the catastrophe. The general is serving overtime as a Depositionist bugaboo.